

*Prince.* Come hither *Francis.*

*Francis.* My Lord.

*Prince.* How long hast thou to serue, *Francis?*

*Francis.* Forsooth fye yeares, and as much as to

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anone, anone sir.

*Prince.* Fye yeares, berlady a long lease for the chincking of Pewter: But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

*Francis.* O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anone sir.

*Prince.* How old art thou *Francis?*

*Francis.* Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

*Prince.* Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gauest me, it was but a penny worth, wast not?

*Francis.* O Lord, I would it had bene two.

*Prince.* I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anon, anone.

*Prince.* Anon *Francis?* No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*, or *Francis*, on thursday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*.

*Francis.* My Lord.

*Prince.* Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

*Francis.* O Lord sir, who do you meane?

*Prince.* Why then your Browne bastarde is your onellie drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In *Barbary* sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Francis.* What sir;

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Prince.* Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter *Vinier.*

*Vin.*

*Vint.* What, standst thou still, and hearest such a calling? looketo the Ghestes within. My Lord, old sir *John* with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, shall I let them in?

*Prin.* Let them alone awhile, & then open the dore: *Poines.*

*Poines.* Anone, anone sir. Enter *Poines.*

*Prin.* Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

*Poin.* As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer; come, what's the issue?

*Prin.* I am now of al humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of good man *Adam*, to the pupill age of this present Twelue a cloke at midnight. What's a clocke *Francis?*

*Francis.* Anone, anone sir.

*Prin.* That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, & yet the son of a Woman. His industry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Perceys* mind, the *Hotspur* of the North, he that kills me some 6 or 7. dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet *Harry* sayes she! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) and answers, some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee cal in *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damnde *Brawne* shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, saies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter *Falstaffe.*

*Poines.* Welcome *Iacke*, where hast thou bene?

*Fals.* A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry & Amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. Ere I lead this life long, Ile sow neather stocks, & mend them, & foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

*Prin.* Didst thou neuer see *Titan* kisse a dish of butter, pittifull hearted *Titan* that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

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*Fals.*